Paris Discovers Doughboys Know Real Art When They See It

HERE IS ONE of the Y.M.C.A SIGHTSEEING BUSES USED in PARIS.
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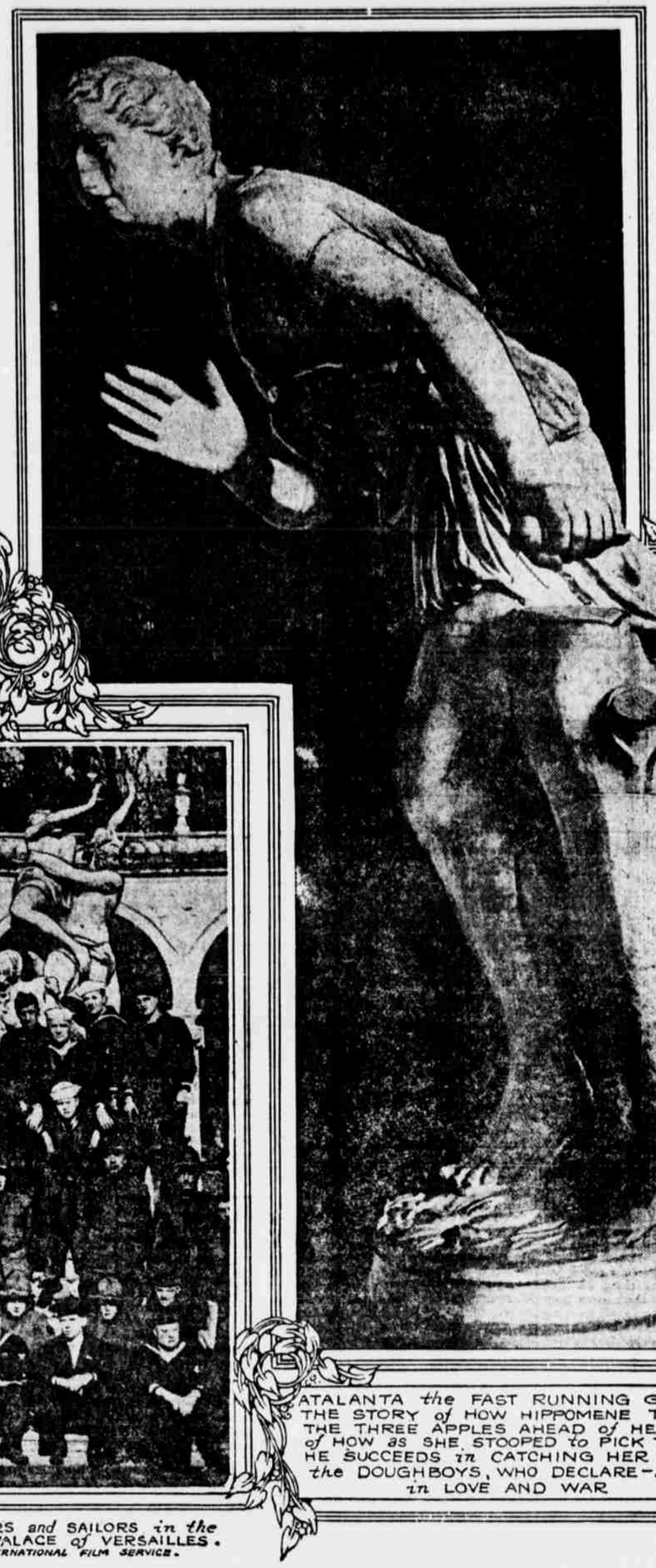

ATALANTA the FAST RUNNING GODDESS. THE STORY of HOW HIPPOMENE THREW THE THREE APPLES AHEAD of HER AND of HOW as SHE STOOPED to PICK THEM UP HE SUCCEEDS in CATCHING HER AMUSES the DOUGHBOYS, WHO DECLARE—ALL'S FAIR in LOVE AND WAR

ANOTHER TRUCK LOAD of the FINEST EVER.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS and SAILORS in the GARDENS of the PALACE of VERSAILLES.
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SHE WHO WAS TAKEN DOWN, DIVIDED into TWO PARTS, BOXED AND SENT to ZOULOUSE DURING the BOMBARDMENT, and WHO HAS ONLY JUST RETURNED, and JUMPED UPON HER PEDESTAL in TIME to SEE the AMERICAN SOLDIERS BEFORE THEY GO HOME. THE MOST SOUGHT AFTER LADY by the DOUGHBOYS, in the LOUVRE

A Trip Through the Louvre With a Party on Leave Shows Those at Home Must Mind Their P's and Q's

Why Haven't We Got Something Like This in New York? They Ask, When They See the Tuileries Gardens and Other French Wonders

By N. E.

YOU old folks at home, you rich business men, you had better mind your P's and Q's, because when the doughboy gets home he is going to give you a surprise: there'll be things doing, not just mere "kicks," about the way he has been treated. They will come, too, as a matter of course, but they will not last long, and in the end, with mother near and a piece of pie or two, the dear, big boy will soon become his same old sunny self again. But now that the war is over—at least, we hope it is over—the doughboys by hundreds of thousands are getting that long waited for ticket of leave, and they one and all make a bee line for Paris.

Paris is the one spot on earth which the American soldier most wishes to see, and Gen. Pershing understood that when he insisted that every boy should be given a chance to see Paris before sailing for home. Otherwise, just think of the humiliation, to come to France to fight, to risk one's life and then to sail back across the ocean and have to admit to thousands of admiring friends and relatives that one had never seen Paris!

Now, the doughboy is a thinker, although a lot of people might not give him credit for it, and if a few may have slipped into Paris and not really profited by it—well, that was not their fault, rather it was a lack of forethought on the part of those who in the stress of other war duties did not have the time to arrange matters. All the average American boy needs is some one to lead him in the right direction, as he rarely goes deliberately off on the wrong track. He is out to get information, and the kind of information he gets will depend on who gets to him first.

The "Y's" Good Work.

Well, this time it is the Y. M. C. A., and if there are any who have never before taken off their hats to this organization they may do so now. The "Y" has organized what they call a sight seeing department, but this is really a poor and inadequate name for what many are ready to say is the very best thing the "Y" ever did.

The organization has stationed men at all the five railroad stations in Paris, there are day and night shifts, and they lay in wait for the unsuspecting doughboys as fast as they arrive. The same are promptly piloted to the hotels regularly requisitioned by the army, the Y. M. C. A. or the Red Cross, and from the time when they have had a bath, a shave and a full meal they are led about Paris on schedule time, from one sight to another, from one museum to another, from Versailles to Fontainebleau, to the theatres and so on and so on, until, tired and dazzled by all they have seen and heard, they once more take the train to return to their headquarters.

They may not have seen some of the things which they had secretly intended to see when they got to Paris, but they have seen things they had never heard of before, things worth seeing, and they have listened to the fascinating stories of French history and art.

This sight seeing department, a new branch grafted onto the parent stem, began timidly about two months ago; the powers did not believe very strongly in its utility and at first the money was doled out grudgingly—there are so many places for money in a great organization like the Y. M. C. A.—but there were a few who had the faith, and the young shoot has grown until now it has become the flower and pride of the whole spreading mother tree.

Doughboys Like It.

The greatest surprise of all is how the doughboys have taken to it. We may say without being considered bombastic that the average intelligence in the American soldier is higher than among the soldiers of any other nation. He is young and ambitious to learn, and the way he assimilates art ideas and the interest he takes in historical events is a matter of great pride to every American, especially to those now handling these subjects in this new field of endeavor.

This is where the old folks at home will have to mind their P's and Q's when the doughboy gets back to his native land. He no longer calls it Versailles, but Ver-si, accent on the last syllable, as it is pronounced over here.

He has picked up, no one knows where, some choice French phrases; he pronounces them correctly too, because he has got them orally like a child, and when he gets home these are going to be used on a defenceless family without mercy and without stint. Furthermore, he has got a lot of little French books in his inside pocket, and the midnight oil will have to burn while he dips into the mysteries of mythology and ancient history. That is another thing, the "Y" is encouraging him in his mad endeavor for more learning, by getting out tempting lists of books to read; these he has also in his possession. The booksellers are warned herewith to increase their stocks in anticipation of the run, especially on The Beauties of Mythology (Bulfinch), Alexander the Great, Nero and the early Romans, and on down to French history, including everything Victor Hugo and Balzac ever wrote. This much for the peaceful part of the doughboy's campaign, for of course charity begins at home.

A Sample Conversation.

But here is the tail end of a conversation overheard among a group of doughboys loitering about the Louvre Museum the other day:

"Say, why don't we have any fountains in our cities at home, like the ones in the Tuileries Gardens, and the Place de la Concorde, anyhow?"

"I dunno, guess the rich guys are too busy making money" * * *

"Guess that's about it."

"Dam shame! Look at Madison Square Garden in New York, and Union Square too. Wouldn't it make you sick? There ain't even a decent plot of grass." There was a huge ill natured laugh at this recollection.

As a matter of curiosity I attached myself the other day to one of these groups to see what was going on, and I have to admit—I who have lived in Paris for twenty years—I was ashamed of my scant knowledge as compared with this amateur guide. Here is a stalwart Californian who has left his wife and sons and daughters at home looking after the orange ranch while he has come these thousands of miles from the other side of the earth crusading with the American soldiers. The wonder is how he has accumulated in so short a time such a valuable stock of interesting information, and here in the American Library Association, with its headquarters at 10 Rue de l'Elysee, must be given due praise. The Californian burns midnight oil reading up; that is the explanation. Old Parisians—Frenchmen—are amazed, and say that they themselves learn things in regard to their history that they had never dreamed of.

The Ferris Wheel.

The guide took his party from Napoleon's Tomb, where he explained everything in due chronological order, following in the footsteps of the world's greatest military genius from his modest home in Corsica down to the very tomb before which the American soldiers were standing with uncovered heads, even to the marbles composing the tomb and their origin. From here the party took a whirl on the Ferris Wheel, a strictly American product transplanted from the World's Fair at Chicago, and which has been hanging suspended in midair idle and unused since the war began until the doughboys came to town.

From the big wheel the party were ushered to the new War Panorama, which is now the rage in Paris for all sorts and conditions of men. The big painted film contains portraits, easily recognized, of all the men, warriors and statesmen, whose names have been before the public since the beginning of the war; it is magic and mysterious, and the doughboys are wild about it. If it were a question between the Louvre and the Panorama de la Guerre, when there is not time to go all around the war panorama easily carries off the pennant.

We take the Chambre de Deputes from the rear, coming up Rue de Bourgogne; this, with the building beside it where the Peace Conference is now being held, are soon disposed of, because while things may be boiling inside, everything on the exterior bears the calm of the tomb. We dash across the Concorde Bridge, the guide explaining en route that the superstructure is fashioned out of stones taken from the Bastille, we cross Place de la Concorde, where a stop is made at the obelisk long enough to explain that more than 3,000 aristocrats and royalists, including Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, Robespierre and a lot of others were here guillotined.

The Enchanted Tuileries.

Once inside the Tuileries everything is enchantment; the leaves are out on the trees, the fountains are squirting water into the brimming basins, the birds are singing, pigeons cooing over their spring mates and some of the boys begin to whistle. In the spring a young man's fancy. . . . Many are in favor of sitting down and taking a rest, drinking it in at leisure, but the guide is indefatigable, he has an end in view. Here is the old god of the Nile, there is the centaur with Hercules's wife on his back. There is Diana of the Chase, a copy, but we are promised the original in the Louvre. There is the old chestnut tree called the marronier de vingt mars (the chestnut of March 20). The guide knows even the story, so strictly Parisian, of how an artist, accused of murdering a rival, succeeded in proving an alibi and thus saving his life by establishing that on that fatal March 20, at the hour when the murder was committed, he was under that chestnut tree, which was always the first one to burst into leaf. That tree has been a trysting place for lovers ever since.

Here is the hole in the ground with a portion of the wall caved in beside the terrace next the Seine where Big Bertha got in a blow, but which did not do any appreciable damage. Had the shell fallen a hundred feet farther along the Louvre would have been hit. Workmen are busy to-day repairing the wall, and the shell hole is being filled up. Now we are before the place where the Palace of the Tuileries used to stand. Grass and flower beds cover the spot now, but our guide explains that the old cellars are still underneath, as also the underground passageways leading to various places, these now blocked up in part by the underground railway and by new sewer systems.

After Napoleon III. was defeated at the battle of Sedan in September, 1870, the Empress Eugenie escaped from the Tuileries through the courtesy of the American dentist, Dr. Evans, who carried her safely out of Paris in his carriage. The Empress is still living, somewhere in England; she is ninety-three years of age.

And Then the Louvre.

The Communists then took possession of the Tuileries Palace, placed barrels of tar in the beautiful rooms, poured petrol and set it on fire. It burned together with the royal library of 100,000 volumes. Here we are at the statue of Lafayette, the work of an American sculptor, Paul Bartlett, erected from the proceeds of the pennies of American school children, and at last, our guide turns us over to the "Y" guides of the Louvre. This had been what you might term a whirlwind campaign, and I for one was ready for a rest, but not so.

A little woman in uniform came forward to greet us, fresh as a daisy, and once more curiosity vanquished fatigue. What would she, what could she say about ancient Greek sculpture that would be interesting enough to keep a hundred tired doughboys awake?

The head "guy-de," a young man, introduces the soldiers in block to the young woman who is to lecture them through the maze of ancient Greek statuary, and recommends that they keep close to the lady in order to hear well.

"You don't need to tell them that," she cuts in archly, and this sally brings a broad grin from the doughboys, who crowd around her eagerly, all alert, as if going fresh into battle after having marched long weary miles.

"The Louvre," she explains, "is, as you know, the largest museum in the world, and probably occupies more ground space than any other. It is a pile of buildings erected, not all at one epoch, but was very modestly begun by Francis I. in 1541, and it was called the Louvre because this Tuileries space at that time was a howling wilderness infested by louvres—wolves. Tuileries, you know," she added by way of parenthesis, "means tiles, and the Tuileries Gardens used to be a tile factory."

"There's hope for us yet," one of the doughboys whispered to the others.

"It, the Louvre, was built onto by each succeeding monarch, wing after wing being added as the centuries went by, down to the reign of Napoleon I., who had the plans completed as it stands to-day, plans which were carried out by Napoleon III., who added the last wings which you see right and left as you enter by the Tuileries. The wing next Rue de Rivoli was erected for the Empress Eugenie, and the one next the Seine for the Prince Imperial, son of Napoleon III. and Eugenie, that unfortunate young man who for political reasons was sent off to Africa to fight the Zulus, and where he lost his life. Here behind these closed doors was his riding school. Perhaps we can get a peep."

Paintings From Rheims.

One of the complacent French guardians kindly slipped the door back and we were allowed to see that ancient royal riding school, so seldom shown to visitors. On the floor or rather on the tanbark of the riding school we see thousands of gilt picture frames standing closely piled on edge one against another.

"Why don't they put 'em up, and let us get a look at 'em?" one of the boys ventures.

"Those are not the pictures of the Louvre," our guide remarks, "they are the paintings from Rheims waiting for their city to be rebuilt so they can go back to where they belong." The whole thing is lugubrious, and we are glad when the door is shoved back to place, and we are once more among the living—ancient Greek statues. Also we are soon going to see how the American soldiers on their trip through the Louvre link up the past with the present, bring ancient history and legend up to date and make it a thing of actuality.

"Here is Jupiter," the guide said, standing before the ancient statue, "who was the father of gods and men, and who ruled from Mount Olympus, the headquarters of the gods. Here is the eagle, his favorite bird, by his side, and on occasion Jupiter turned himself into an eagle. You see the thunderbolt in his hand, at least that is the sculptor's idea of a thunderbolt. I never saw a thunderbolt myself," she added with a smile.

"Nothing but an old fashioned hand grenade," one of the doughboys declared.

"I could throw one of them things into a Boche trench at a hundred yards," another ejaculated, and the guide still smiled.

"Here is Mercury, the son and messenger of Jupiter, who it was said could cover any distance in an instant."

"What brand of airplane did he use?" one of the boys asked.

"Only the wings on his hat," she answered, "because the ancient statues never show Mercury with wings on his heels; that was a modern invention. He also presided over commerce, and was the patron saint of pirates, even taking a hand at thieving himself on occasions."

Mercury's Trench Hat.

"Gee!" exclaimed one of the boys, "he's got on a trench hat. Why didn't we have wings on our trench hats?"

"Some of the American soldier boys, many of them, did have wings on their hats," the guide responded in a lower tone, "only they did not always show. Now look what he has got in his hand."

"It's the sign of the Medical Corps!" the boys exclaimed in chorus.

"Yes, you are quite right, although this statue is older than our calendar. It was the sign of medicine in those days also. It is called a caduceus, and was originally in the possession of Apollo, who, as well as being the god of the sun and the god of music was also a great physician. It was Mercury who invented the lyre, from a tortoise shell he found, but Apollo fell so in love with the lyre, being a musician, that he and Mercury traded, like two school boys, and ever since whenever you see Mercury coming on the stage with the wings on his hat and an his heels he also carries the caduceus. So you see how many things we borrow from the ancient Greeks."

The statue of one of the amazon women created great hilarity among the doughboys, when the lad" guide explained what great fighters they were, vanquishing alike giants, centaurs and men.

"Did they get the vote?" some one asked.

"Of course, why not?" the guide retorted. "In proof that the goddesses occupied positions on an equality with the gods here is Minerva. She was the goddess of wisdom and the Governor of Athens, having outrun Neptune in that political campaign. The Parthenon on the Acropolis above Athens, which is still standing, was a temple erected in her honor. She sprang fully armed from Jupiter's brain, and never had a mortal mother . . ."

"That accounts for it," a bright doughboy interjected, and they all laughed. People walking through the museum looked and wondered what there could be so amusing and infectiously gay about ancient Greek art.

Admiring the Handicraft.

"Look what beautiful work these old Greek sculptors did," the guide continued in a more serious tone. "See how wonderfully the alabaster is carved and joined with the white marble."

"Looks like it had been melted and poured on," some one remarked.

"See the owl in her hand; the owl was Minerva's bird, and the olive her tree. We still call the owl the bird of wisdom, and the olive branch is the universal emblem of peace. Minerva, you know, made war for defence only. She was a woman of peace.

"Now, here we are before the strongest man that ever lived, if Hercules did really exist. But we have not the time for me to tell you the stories of the 'Twelve Labors of Hercules,' and you will have to read those in your Mythology when you get home—more notes—He has his little son Telephe on his arm, and the lion skin over his shoulders . . . That deer you see by his side suckled and brought up Telephe, as the gods often gave their children to animals to bring up."

"What a 'deer' baby," some one in the crowd remarked, and they all went frolicking along.

From time to time the party ran across a Venus, always another Venus, the Louvre is full of the Goddess of Love, and every time the boys, one one and all, gave a gasp.

"This isn't the Venus of . . .?"

At Last—the Milo.

"No, I know what you mean; no, this isn't the Venus of Milo, not yet, but we are coming to her, a little further on. I am going to show her to you, the original Venus of Milo." Thus the guide went imperturbably on, pretending that she did not know that she was exciting the boys to the highest pitch and teasing them with a lot of other Venuses before coming to the right one.

If there is anything the American soldier resents it is to be told that a thing is a copy. The resentment is universal with them. The guides have learned this, and they use the greatest tact so as not to wound their sensibilities on this point. Once the fatal word "copy" is spoken it is difficult to eradicate the idea, and the soldiers will cut in again and again with:

"Is this the original?"

At last here they are before her, the most living statue in the world. It is a delicate moment. What can be said so as not to disappoint them in their expectations? The guide seemed to take the right way. She called their attention to the eyes, those eyes that look through men's souls and burn into them. The doughboys gaze, and they are not disappointed. Then beside telling the ancient history of the famous statue the guide adds some interesting details as to the history of the Venus during the present war, she the most precious possession of the Louvre.

"You can see," she begins, "that the statue is in two parts. It is composed of two different kinds of marble, the upper part is of a softer, fleshier marble, while the lower half, the draperies, is of a harder granite. That line you see there where it is put together did not show formerly, and it ought not to show. But the truth is, when Paris was being bombarded, the Venus was taken down, taken apart, boxed and sent to Toulouse; she has only just gotten back and hurried to get up there on her pedestal, so as to see the American soldiers before they started for home. Cement will be put in where the break in the lines is and then it will not show."

Following Jean Valjean.

One of the most popular of the Paris sightseeing trips organized by the "Y" is what is known as the "Victor Hugo Tour," and these are done in automobiles. The route followed covers all the wanderings, hair-breadth escapes of the hero of "Les Miserables," Jean Valjean.

The powers that be were not at all in favor of this business, did not think it would take, but it had one ardent supporter, Frank Lewis, who had made a minute study of the whole subject including plans of the sewers where Jean Valjean hid and old maps of Paris of that day. At first only two of these trips were undertaken in a week, but the demand for places was so great that now a party starts out every day.

When Mr. Lewis came in and reported that one boy had broken down and wept because there was not room for him in the car—it was his last day of leave—that melted the hearts of those who hold the string to the money bag. More automobiles were requisitioned, and away they go, a merry lot.

There are not any more copies of "Les Miserables" to be had in Paris, and there will be a run on them in America from the time these boys begin to land. Other books will be required besides these and the Bulfinch; there is Notre Dame and all the other places covered by the sightseeing guides of the "Y." There'll be a hot time, too, if the books are not forthcoming, to say nothing of the fountains that the boys are going to have erected and the flower beds and many other improvements in the home town. Mind your P's and Q's, the American soldier boys are coming back fully armed and equipped for the strife. Pie and doughnuts are all right in their place, and the movie show too, but these will no longer satisfy all his hunger.